

HOLY FRIAR.

A Humorous Song.

I am a Friar of orders Gray,
And down in the valley I take my way ;
I pull not blackberry, haw or hyp,
Good store of venison fills my scrip ;
My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Wherever I go no money I want,
Wherever I go no money I want ;
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell :
He who leads a good life is sure to live well.

What baron or squire, or night of the shire,
Lives half so well as a Holy Friar.
Half so well, half so well, half so well
As a Holy Friar.

Chorus—As a Holy, &c.

After supper of heaven I dream,
And that 's fat pullets and clotted cream,
Myself by denial I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie.
I'm clothed in sack-cloth for my sin—
With good sack-wine am I lined within,
With good sack-wine am I lined within.
The chaffing cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell my bold ding-dong.

What baron or squire, &c.

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